[illegible] OF THE UNITED STATES

[illegible] OF NEW ORLEANS

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] clear and dark,
[illegible] bird, our bark.
[illegible] with steady sweep
[illegible] us over the deep.

[illegible] were the silent shores,
[illegible] of buried ores,
[illegible], old and gray,
[illegible] looked in their hearts away;

[illegible] castle and arch and shrine
[illegible] in the clear sunshine;
[illegible] for the warder stern and grim,
[illegible] with his chanted prayer and hymn.

[illegible] wonderful Northern sea,
[illegible] sails in a dream, sailed we,
[illegible] the young moon soared on high,
[illegible] round us but sea and sky.

[illegible] the east the pale moon swung—
[illegible] in the azure hung;
[illegible] lay low in the glowing west,
[illegible] of purple across his breast.

[illegible] were aflame with the sunset glow,
[illegible] were all aflame below.
[illegible] seemed the gate
[illegible] mystic world's enchanted state;

[illegible] the air was a luminous mist,
[illegible] amber and amethyst.
[illegible] into that fiery sea—
[illegible] heart of the mystery—

[illegible] went sailing one by one,
[illegible] visions under the sun.
[illegible] flame in the heart of a ruby set
[illegible] sails that flew from each mast of jet;

[illegible] against the burning sky
[illegible] pennant floated high.
[illegible], silently, on they pressed
[illegible] glowing, reddening West;

[illegible] on the far horizon's fold,
[illegible] passed through its gate of gold.
[illegible], perhaps, they were nothing more
[illegible] laden with common ore!

[illegible] clasped hands with grimy Toil,
[illegible] were stained with earthly moil?
[illegible] ships, who sailed that night
[illegible] West from our yearning sight,

[illegible] I know that the freight ye bore
[illegible] not for an earthly shore!
[illegible] for realms ye were sailing on,
[illegible] all we have lost shall yet be won.

[illegible] bearing thither a world of dreams,
[illegible] that sunset's golden gleams;
[illegible] whose tremulous, rosy flush
[illegible] still in the twilight hush.

[illegible] were bearing hence to that mystic sphere
[illegible] no mortal may utter here—
[illegible] that on earth may not be sung—
[illegible] too holy for human tongue—

[illegible] deeds that we would have done—
[illegible] wreaths that we would have won!
[illegible] it was that our souls with you
[illegible] the measureless waste of blue,

[illegible] passed under the sunset gate,
[illegible] us a voice said, softly, "Wait!"

[Harper's Magazine for May.

[From Scribner's Monthly.]

"[illegible] WILL WALK WITH YOU."

[illegible] Welles stood upon the hearth rug [illegible] long, low dressingroom, awaiting the [illegible] of her guests. Ordinarily she might [illegible] pale—quiet, possibly—though [illegible] quickly stirred by the dropping [illegible] stone. To-night she was [illegible] tremulous and excited.

"[illegible] the way," said her father, pausing at [illegible], as he passed through the hall, "I [illegible] young minister—Hayes, you know—[illegible], and asked him up to dinner."

"I don't know," responded Vesey, as [illegible], her eyes growing wider and [illegible] dismay; "I don't know him at all. [illegible] of all nights!" she half sobbed, [illegible] the flowers in the porcelain vase [illegible] until the one red rose dropped [illegible] at her feet.

[illegible] be the last of the pleasant evenings [illegible] had brightened all the winter. [illegible] Winslow and his mother were coming [illegible] with them once more before going [illegible]. They had been boarding at the [illegible] above two or three months. [illegible] built so many hopes upon this [illegible]. But now—

[illegible] fastening a bunch of daphne, [illegible], velvet-leafed, into her belt, [illegible] entered the room. "Passing [illegible] said to himself, at a glimpse of the [illegible]

"[illegible] Paul Hayes!" announced the [illegible]. She turned quickly, not catching [illegible], hearing only the sound of feet and [illegible] of the door. But the flush upon [illegible] not for him.

"I am Miss Welles," with rather un[illegible] frankness. "My father will be [illegible] a moment. He was unusually late [illegible] to-night."

"[illegible] haughty and cold," Paul added, [illegible], as he turned away to meet her [illegible].

[illegible] at last, Mrs. Winslow and Darrel [illegible].

"[illegible] is this man?" looked out of Darrel's [illegible].

"[illegible] you really go home to-morrow?" [illegible] said, sitting down beside Mrs. Winslow.

"[illegible] There is nothing to wait for now, [illegible] Darrel does not care to stay. The opera [illegible] is over, you know."

[illegible] was for the gayeties of the town he [illegible] lingered week after week, she thought, [illegible] a sudden sinking of the heart. Oh, [illegible] she had been! His careless [illegible] came across the room just then as if [illegible] her.

"[illegible] not come back before another season." She could not hide the pain that [illegible] in her voice.

"[illegible]," she replied, simply, "I suppose [illegible]"

The gentleman joined them.

Vesey was thinking how pleasant she had [illegible] it would be, with only Darrel and [illegible] there—they four around the fire [illegible] twilight, Darrel by her—of the words [illegible] thought he would speak. There [illegible] hanging upon his watch chain. [illegible] her finger. He tried it on once in [illegible]

[illegible] turned away from him to Paul. And [illegible] should she say? What do people [illegible] ministers? she asked herself helplessly, [illegible] to young ministers above all? [illegible] had not come! If he would only [illegible] would all go, and leave her [illegible] with her disappointment!

[illegible] that long dinner hour [illegible] knew. She talked of trivial [illegible] as we all do, though beneath the [illegible] our very souls are seething. [illegible] they were back in the drawingroom, [illegible] others fell into the quiet, desultory [illegible] that follows a dinner, she alone could [illegible] still. Her cold hands refused to lie [illegible] in her lap, as shapely white hands [illegible]. Her feet beat an impatient waltz [illegible] her gown. She glanced at Darrel. [illegible] thrown himself back in an easy [illegible] hands under his head. There was [illegible] glitter in his eye. He yawned [illegible]. She pushed her chair back.

"[illegible] stupid we are! It's the fire, I [illegible] always dulls everybody but itself. [illegible] some one sing, or play?" And she [illegible] herself before the piano.

[illegible] struck a quick, sharp chord. "I [illegible] to-night!" She had forgotten [illegible] minister and all his probable [illegible]. He caught a glimpse, just then, [illegible] flushed, intense face. But in an in[illegible] the minor chord that followed, [illegible]. Tears rushed into her eyes. [illegible] was to the others. Only Paul saw [illegible] saddening of the face, the fall of [illegible] eyelids.

"[illegible] wonderful spirits!" exclaimed [illegible] Winslow. "So light-hearted Vesey [illegible]."

"[illegible]" questioned Paul. But he fell into [illegible] leaned over her. "What has come [illegible]?"

"[illegible] Why?" She did not pause in [illegible]. "[illegible] simply glorious now. You hardly [illegible]"

[illegible] went wrong. A quick clash—[illegible] she went on. She was grow[illegible] equal to the strain. There is [illegible] as a woman's pride. It [illegible]. Her hands flashed over [illegible] of sparks of the wild [illegible]

[illegible] "Good-bye," [illegible].

"You'll come and [illegible] that visit in the summer, Vesey?"

"I don't know. Perhaps so."

"Of course you will."

"To be sure," added Darrel. "I shall come for you myself."

They were gone at last. She turned away.

"But, Mr. Hayes! Vesey!"

She had forgotten his existence.

"I am afraid I am rude." And she put out her hand. "Good night; but, indeed, I may confess now that I have a wretched headache, and—and—." That was all she said. The play was over.

The spring and early summer wore away. One letter came from Darrel—a letter such as he might have sent to any chance acquaintance, full of hints of gay doings here and there—nothing more. One little note Vesey wrote to his mother to say she could not make the promised visit. Darrel had said nothing in his letter of coming for her. "And tell Darrel"—at the close of her note—"that I am saving any amount of gossip against writing him some day." But the "some day" never came. Absence, like a strong light, brings out hidden defects, and Vesey knew now that he was a man selfish and vain, who had played with her heart. He had held it in his hand, weighed and measured it and her, and had cast both aside as worthless. She thought of it with burning cheeks.

With another winter came the Winslows. If she had dreaded it, if she had feared for herself, would it have been strange? But the spell was broken. Looking back, she wondered.

Outwardly the old intimacy was resumed. Darrel came and went as he had come and gone the year before. But to Vesey it was only a shell—a hollow, heartless thing, that never had been friendship, and could never now be love. Paul, plodding along day after day in the round of his duties, saw, as though a great way off, Vesey and Darrel flying up and down the icy streets to the tinkle of silver bells.

One night Vesey, glowing in crimson, with white chrysanthemums in her hair, passed through the hall. The outer door was wide open. Paul stood outside. The wind, raw and wet with the breath of the sea, caught at her hair—at the silken ruffles of her dress.

"Oh, is it you! But you are coming in!"

She little knew how the words tempted him, how the vision tempted him, as she paused with clasped hands under the gaslight, and with the warm bright room beyond.

"I can not; I am waiting for your father. There is a family at the lower end of the town starv—"

The words choked him. "Thank you, not to-night," he said. He had longed to meet her again, like this—alone, and face to face. But her light manner, her dainty dress, angered him to-night. He had come from such a different scene. Only a woman of the world, after all, he thought. And yet so sweet, so bitterly sweet, he owned, when he had turned away and plunged into the cold and darkness. Darrel was waiting for her in the drawingroom.

"You're like a poem to-night, in all that ruby red—like an Eastern song."

"Thank you," Vesey said, dreamily.

"I couldn't imagine you in gray," he went on, half to himself, "or in anything somber, or worn, or poor." He had begun to study the girl in earnest now. "Yes, you are made for the rarest and best, Vesey; to shine in satin and diamonds."

"Is that all," she asked, wistfully.

"All! Is that not enough? It would satisfy most women!"

But to-night it did not satisfy her.

Down at the beginning of the long street was a black, low-browed house, like many others here, with a shop in the lower story, or, more properly, two, since one window was occupied by a watchmaker, and the other displayed pins, needles, spools of cotton and such small wares. Above were two or three rooms with slanting sides, where a deformed girl, a pitiful looking sight to look at—lived with her mother, earning enough by sewing to put bread into their mouths and scanty clothing upon their backs—no more. Vesey employed them; from pity, mostly, since her work could have been better done elsewhere. She stepped out of the sleigh here at dusk one night and ran up the stairs, a roll of work in her hands. She had to wait a moment, so she sat and talked with the girl, who was young like herself, and yet not like herself at all. It made her happier in the happy lot that had sometimes wearied her. It made her thankful for her strong young life, which she had never named among her blessings, and it shot a gleam of pleasure through the girl's dark days.

It was a poor room with paper torn and soiled, of many patterns, upon the walls, with the bare boards of the floor yawning, rising and falling uneasily; with the dim light struggling through uncertain windows that peered from under the eaves like eyes from overhanging brows. A low voice in a continuous murmur fell upon Vesey's ear. It seemed to come from the next room.

"What is that?"

"That 'm!" The girl's pale face grew bright. "It's the minister, Mr. Hayes. He comes and prays with mother, now she's sick."

The voice ceased. She heard his steps upon the stairs. It was but a second—he could not have reached the street, when a shriek came from the room he had left. The girl sat like one paralyzed. Vesey threw open the door. A swift line of light ran all adown the bed. It burst into a flame, in the midst of which the sick woman struggled. The overturned candle at her head told the story. It was an instinct—there was no time for thought—which made Vesey drag the square of carpet from the floor and press it down upon the flames. They shot out into her face. They seemed to catch away her breath. They licked her arm. They strove and fought, and well nigh overcame—all in an instant, that seemed hours to the girl, who threw herself upon the bed, smothering the flames with her own weight.

They were conquered at last. The silent, breathless struggle was over.

"If some one would only bring a light—oh dear! what shall I do? Don't," to the doomed girl who shrieked and called upon her mother. Vesey had not heard the strong step springing up the stairs—the opening of the door. Some one stood beside her in a moment, lamp in hand. It was Paul.

"Is she dead?" gasped Vesey, shrinking from the bed.

He threw back the scorched blanket that hid the motionless form. "No, not dead, but I think she has fainted. Or the flames—I must go for a doctor. Stay here, if you are not afraid. Oh, hush! hush!" to the frightened girl; "it is nothing, I hope. Get some water for the lady, and sprinkle her face," he said to Vesey. Then he was gone.

She did as he had told her—waiting, watching the blackened mass she dared not touch. It was frightful, with the still, white face shining out of the darkness. Was it death? No; there was a faint quivering of the eyelids—that faint sign of returning consciousness—a feeble moan. Then Paul came. Oh! the rush of joy, of blinding tears, of sudden faintness, that overpowered her when she heard his step. The grim-faced doctor behind him walked straight to the bed.

"There are no deep burns, I think," he said at length. "The blanket saved her. The shock has done more than the fire. A sponge; ah, they will do! Now some water and some linen rags." There were none. Vesey quietly held out her dainty handkerchief. "Hum!" he said, and tore his own into strips.

"And now, you!" He turned to Vesey.

"I have no burns." Indeed, she felt no pain. The doctor raised her hand and held it out to Paul. The sleeve was cut away from her wrist, as by a jagged knife with a blackened edge. The flesh was like a flame. Paul's teeth shut tight and quick together. Something sprang into his eyes, not tears alone.

Then Vesey began to tremble, and, conscious at last of the cruel pain that bit and tore her hand, she sobbed like a hurt child.

"Don't mind," she tried to say. "Do not look at me. It's only—only—" The sobs swept her words away.

Paul bathed her hand. She remembered afterward how tenderer than any woman's had been his touch.

"Let her cry," said the doctor, [illegible]

[illegible] Paul lifted her into the sleigh, and wrapped the robes about her.

It seemed suddenly as if they had known each other a lifetime—she and Paul; as if they could never be strangers to each other again.

She held out her hand. It was the one he had bound up. He took it tenderly in both of his own. "The brave, strong hand!" he said, bending over it in the darkness—"the hand that saved a life to-night."

There was to be a bazar to raise money for the poor. It opened the next evening. The winter had been hard and cruel, and charity, somewhat exhausted, needed a spur.

Vesey had promised to tend a booth.

"You must not think of going," her father exclaimed. Darrel, too, who foresaw a quiet hour with her alone, if she remained at home. He had something to tell—something to ask for, and a ring to give. Alas for him! He had kept his words too long. A year ago they would have been manna to her heart.

"But I am quite well," she pleaded, "except my hand, and that has ceased to pain me." Indeed, her face was radiant.

So she dressed herself with quaint simplicity in something soft and gray that wrapped her like a cloud, with only the braids of her heavy hair for ornament—only her shining eyes for gems. Then she went and took her place.

The evening was half over. Darrel had been her shadow. She was tired; tired of his eyes that followed her whichever way she turned; tired of his flattering words; tired of him. He moved away at last. Then, and not till then, she saw Paul. He came straight to her.

"Are you well enough to be here?" he asked, without a word of greeting, as though they had not parted. You frightened me with your white face just now."

"I was tired. I wanted to go home."

"Will you go now?" he asked quickly. "Are you strong enough to walk?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then come."

It was strangely pleasant to be bidden; to follow meekly.

They had reached the stairs descending to the street when they met Darrel Winslow.

"Vesey, where are you going?" He scowled and nodded at Paul.

"Home."

"But it is beginning to rain, and you have no cloak. Go back and I'll get the carriage." He laid his hand upon the wrap over Paul's arm. Paul looked at Vesey. What did he read in her face?

"Let Miss Welles decide," he said, in a hard, strange voice. He was trying to be calm, to keep his hands from this man who had suddenly come between them. He turned to Vesey again. His face was very pale; his eyes were full of pleading. "Think a moment. Will you ride with him, or walk with me?"

She did not speak; she only smiled and laid her hand within his arm.

He would have been more than human to have kept back the triumph in his eyes.

Darrel started; then wheeled and left them.

"But think a moment." Paul's voice grew more gentle now. "It will be a long, long road—a road that has no turn."

But still she smiled.

"A rough way, perhaps, and your feet are tender."

"I will walk with you," she said.

Poetesses of New Orleans.

We copy the following from the Houston *Times* of the twelfth instant, written by its special correspondent at the New Orleans office of that journal:

I was absent-minded, and the consequence will be that I will have to rely upon memory. When I left my home in the Fourth District this morning, I intended to take along some poetical writings upon which I wished to comment, but on my reaching my office I made the unpleasant discovery that I had forgotten to carry my intention into effect. No matter. "Which I wish to remark" can be done just as well without books and newspaper waifs encumbering my desk.

We of the South, among other faults, have a peculiar weakness for admiring what elsewhere could not pass for more than mediocrity. We are wont to bestow our praise in the superlative. In our appreciation we are lavish, and still it so frequently occurs that what is really meritorious fails to be appreciated. We know our faults, but spurn the idea of having them made known. Still, we are, in the main, a candid people, though occasionally averse to hearing the truth. This aversion—and right here I am almost tempted to speak in the superlative myself—is a leading trait in the character of a certain class of our people. I speak of those sickly sentimental females who, owing to the peculiar weakness alluded to, take a particular pride in considering themselves writers of distinction, poets of the purest water.

In reality, their station is, and in most cases will remain, obscurity. But the Egyptian darkness which surrounds them in their struggle for an unattainable fame is made endurable to them. They appear to be contented with their lot, for are they not distinguished authors who exercise so great an influence by their effusions, which bear the imprint of genius? Their friends say so; their friends kneel reverently at their shrine, and have only exalted praise for them. Ah! within the charmed circle of the mutual admiration societies approval, admiration, praise and worship are *les mots d'ordre*. Woe to him who should dare to raise his voice in opposition to the established rules and regulations which govern these admirable admiration societies, where everything is based upon mutuality. Southland writers! Southern poets! Hollow titles! We have no Southern literature. If we had, how could it be possible that females of the stamp I have mentioned could dare to claim distinction? They are unendurable nuisances—weeds which encumber the growth of literature in the South. Full of vanity, as they are, they will not cease inflicting their silly trash upon the public. They will persevere in their injurious efforts to intrude upon the premises of legitimate literature. Take up, for instance, the Sunday editions of either one of the two large conservative papers of New Orleans, and read the pretentious effusions of the "Author of Albert Hastings;" the sickly verses of a sentimental woman, who glories in the *nom de plume* of "Zephyr;" the school girl's compositions by an ex-school teacher, who calls herself "Beverley;" the silly rhymes of a half-grown girl, who signs herself "Mattie;" the "poems" by Nellie, and the productions of a score more—and I will bet my bottom dollar that you will feel like—doing something.

These are harsh words, harshly spoken, and not a few of the celebrated writers whom I thus bring to the notice of the good people of Texas, will feel like pulling my hair.

In my estimation, there are only two poetesses contributing to the New Orleans newspaper press of whom we may feel justly proud. These are that sweet singer, Pearl Rivers, whom sickness has unfortunately compelled to be silent for several weeks; and Mrs. Townsend (Xariffa), who enjoys a well earned reputation I have also to make my bow before Miss Mollie E. Moore, whom I consider an accomplished writer of exquisite poetry. Texas may well feel proud of this, her distinguished daughter.

A letter from Rome says: "I hear from a friend in Florence that Von Bulow, who has been giving concerts and lessons in that city the two last winters, is in great demand, as is most natural he should be, for he is one of the greatest living executant and orchestral leaders in the world. The opera houses of St. Petersburg and Vienna, as well as La Scala, of Milan, have been offered him; but he is most likely, after all, to go to America, and I congratulate you. Three propositions from America are being made to him—one from the Steinways, one from Schubert, the music publisher, and a third from Strakosch."

A law student was reading Kant very assiduously, and used a bookmark to indicate each day how far he advanced. His fellow student secretly changed the place of the mark, so that he read the same paragraph [illegible]

[illegible]

BY PAULINE WATER[illegible]

After many a year of wandering,
My tired heart comes back at will
To the play-ground of my childhood,
To the old forsaken mill.

Forty years the hornets builded
High among the wood-brown eaves;
Forty springs the blue-birds carolled
'Neath the tasseled willow trees.

And the star flower and the wild rose
Bloomed in beauty everywhere,
And with soft breath breathed their fragrance
Out into the summer air.

In the swamp the violets clustered
Large and blue as angels' eyes,
And the hill-top crowned with daisies
Reared its proud head toward the skies.

Oh! this my home, and this my play-ground,
In those happy days gone by,
These my brakes, and these my bushes,
This my air and this my sky.

But these years have brought their changes,
Robbed the wildwood of its bloom,
And the old mill, worn and shattered,
Finds a forest for its tomb.

Every year the roof grows feebler,
Bends it toward the winding stream;
Mosses gather on the shingles,
Ivies clamber round the beams.

Now the wheel is stilled forever,
Its tired pulse has ceased its throbbing,
And the brook that windeth by it
Has changed its singing unto sobbing.

Every year the roof sinks lower;
Soon the worn-out frame shall fall,
And the growing pines will sadly
Cast their shadows over all.

Thus, with every human creature,
We may flourish, then decay;
Death distorteth every feature
Which life made beautiful and gay.

THE TRICKS OF A SPY.

Adventures of an Army Detective.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

NOTE—The following story being a true one, we have been compelled to give fictitious names of the persons, especially as all the parties, so far as we know, are still living, and some of them in this city. The occurrences took place during the late war.

I sat in the office of Dr. Munson, chatting of things in general. Finally the conversation changed, and the late war was talked of, called out by a picture of Sheridan's ride, that hung over the mantel.

"I believe I never told you how I figured as a detective during the war?" said the doctor.

"No."

"Well, I will tell you of one instance that happened in this city, and if you choose you can write it out for publication. The papers only got an inkling of it at that time."

"Very well; spin your story."

We give the doctor's story as near as we can recollect it:

I was, at the time of which I speak, stationed in Cincinnati; I held a captain's commission, being in the adjutant general's department. Previously, while in Washington city, I had become well acquainted with Secretary Stanton. One day I received a letter from him asking me to employ half a dozen detectives, and set them to work hunting up deserters, and to perform such other duties as might from time to time be required of them. I employed several of our best known officers and put them to work. We sent several renegades back to their regiments, but had done nothing of importance. One day I received a dispatch from Stanton to keep a look out for a Mrs. Longmead, living, when at home, some miles north of Cincinnati, but in an adjoining county. The secretary said he had it on good authority that Mrs. Longmead was carrying dispatches from the enemy. Without giving the detectives a hint of the news I had heard, I told them to notify me of any fresh arrival of ladies at the hotels.

I knew Mrs. Longmead very well, as she atended the same college with me at Oxford some years before.

A detective notified me that there was a strange lady stopping at the Broadway. He gave a description of her and I felt sure it was Mrs. Longmead, although I told him he was mistaken. I then sent for another detective, whom I had selected for the purpose, and told him to take board at the Broadway and watch the movements of a certain lady dressed in black.

A few days after this occurrence another detective came and reported that two ladies had arrived from the country in a hack, had taken passage in the steamer Glendale, bound South. Furthermore, that they had an extra amount of baggage. The Captain was notified that his boat must not leave without orders.

The following morning two officers were sent to the boat with orders to converse with the suspicious ladies, and if they refused to allow their baggage to be searched to bring them up to the office under arrest. An hour afterward the officers came to the office with the ladies and two very large trunks. I, of course, affected ignorance and inquired the cause of the trouble. They told a very plaintive story. Then I inquired of the officer what it all meant, and he said they had opium in their trunks. "Only enough for family use," retorted the younger of the ladies. I examined the trunks and found fifteen pounds of opium and a large amount of quinine. When the ladies entered the office, I recognized them as being the mother and sisters of Mrs. Longmead, although I did not make myself known, seeing that they did not recognise me. Mrs. Schuyler and daughter were in trouble at the idea of being caught with contrabands of war in their possession. I told them they must consider themselves under arrest, and as we had no military prison suitable for the incarceration of ladies, they must choose a hotel, where they would be kept in a room under guard. They made choice of the Burnet House, and thither they were conveyed in a hack.

As I was assisting Miss Schulyer into the hack, and defending her skirts from contact with the wheel of the vehicle, I became aware that her dresses were unusually weighty; however, I said nothing then, but when we reached the Burnet House, I told the young lady she must retire and take off an undergarment which I named. She feigned indignity at my rudeness, but I told her none was intended, but the skirt I must have. After many tearful protestations and assurances that I had already taken everything she had that was contraband of war, she finally retired to her room and brought me the skirt—and such a one it was. On examination, I found that it contained nearly $1000 worth of quinine. As I learned afterward, two of them had been three months in quilting the quinine into the garment.

On the morning following that on which I made the arrest, I entered my office a little late, and, as I expected, found Mrs. Longmead, sister to one prisoner and daughter of the other. I did not seem to recognize her, but took a seat and inquired if there was anything I could do to promote her welfare.

"Yes, sir; I have called to get a pass to go to Nashville."

"You do not need a pass, madam. Our troops hold every point between this and Nashville."

"I know, but I would feel safer with a pass."

"I can not give you one, but if there is any trouble you can get one at Louisville."

"But I understand that you are arresting ladies right here in Cincinnati."

"Yes, we did arrest your mother and sister yesterday, Mrs. Longmead."

The effect was instantaneous. She sprang to her feet with all the fury and malignity of the tiger in her eyes.

"How dare you, sir, address me as Mrs. Longmead! I don't know you, sir."

"Ah, perhaps you remember one certain Jack Munson, at Oxford, some years ago."

"I have not the faintest idea of who you are. You are laboring under a mistake, for my name is *not* Longmead."

"I know you did not register at the Broadway under that name, but nevertheless your real name is Mrs. Longmead."

"At the Broadway! When did I arrive there?"

"On Thursday last."

"And what do you propose doing with me?"

"I shall be compelled to place you under guard; so give me the keys of your trunk, and I will have your baggage searched and then sent to you."

Mrs. Longmead acknowledged that she was caught, and requested to be sent to the Burnet House, with her mother and sister, and thither we did send her. [illegible]

[illegible] talked to the mother and daughter. Now it so happened that in the General's younger days Mrs. Longmead had been his sweetheart, and never did I see a woman so artfully wrap a man around her finger as Mrs. Longmead did General ——. The result was that these three female spies went scot free. It was during these conversations that Mrs. Longmead confessed to me the part she had taken.

When the war began she went to Canada, and there, by some means obtained papers certifying that she was a British subject. She then went to Washington and obtained the signature of the British minister, and then to Mr. Stanton, and, on the strength of her paper, obtained a pass through the Union lines to Richmond. After transacting her business, she came west, and approaching the Union line on the head waters of Big Sandy, was halted and conveyed to the headquarters of a distinguished Indiana General. She rode in a carriage, and had quite a retinue of servants, representing herself to be an English woman suffering from rheumatism. The General commanding, hoping to bluff her, proposed to send her to the Surgeon General of the department for examination. Nothing daunted, she thanked him, and requested that she be sent immediately. The surgeon had her carried up to his office, she affecting much pain. She removed her shoes and stockings. Her feet and ankles were much swollen (not from rheumatism, but from walking). The learned surgeon took up his stethescope and placed it to her heart. She was more than a match for him here, for she was the only person I had ever met who could cause her own heart to palpitate when she chose. The doctor listened but a moment, threw down the instrument, and begged her pardon for doubting her veracity. She was carried back to her carriage, and given a pass and sent northward rejoicing.

At another time she had some dispatches to send southward. There was a regiment of soldiers going up the Kentucky Central railroad that day. Dressed as an Irish servant girl (and she could assume the character to perfection), she succeeded in getting one of the soldiers to pass her on the train as his wife. After the train had started, the authorities at Cincinnati learned that she had gone, and, suspecting her errand, telegraphed to Lexington, giving a description of the woman, and ordering her arrest, but, by some means, no action was taken until the next morning. In the meantime the train had arrived at Lexington. Mrs. Longmead walked two miles into the country, borrowed a horse, rode twelve miles further, and meeting a man on the road whom she knew, gave him her dispatches, and told him to deliver them at a certain rebel general's headquarters. She then rode back to where the horse had been borrowed, and afterward rode to Lexington, and, unmolested, took the afternoon train for Covington. The authorities, learning that she had gone to the country on her arrival at Lexington, were in hot pursuit. When they got into Lexington she was far on her way. A dispatch was forwarded to a prominent Covington detective to arrest her by all means on her arrival in that city. Some friendly station operator placed a copy of this dispatch in her hands. She was then in a great strait. However, she did not despair. Seeing Leslie Coombs, wife and daughter, sitting a few seats ahead of her in the coach, she sat down near them, and soon drew the ladies into conversation. She told them her husband was a soldier, and that she had induced him to desert, and for this offense she was to be arrested on her arrival at Covington. Her pitiful story, with many tears, enlisted the sympathy of the ladies, and finally of the venerable Kentuckian himself. At that time the rear door of the rear car of an incoming train was always kept locked, when arriving at the depot.

Arrangement was made that this door should not be locked on this occasion. When the train arrived Mr. Coombs assisted Mrs. Longmead off the rear end of the car while the detectives watched the platforms between the two cars, and Mrs. Coombs and her daughter came near being arrested. Mrs. L. having alighted, and seeing a hack standing near, ran to it, and jumping in, told the driver to carry her to Newport ferry as quickly as possible, which he did. There she alighted, paid him, and crossed over on the ferry, walking up the bank. She entered the Pendleton car, going east as far as Kemper lane. She walked up to the top of the hill. Here everything being quiet, she had time to pause and reflect. Taking a survey of the country, and shaping her course, she at once set out and walked more than a dozen miles to her home, where she arrived before morning.

Mrs. Longmead told me that when her mother and sister took passage on the steamer Glendale, the latter had important dispatches concealed in the barrel of a small Smith & Wesson pistol; but no sooner did she find that they would be arrested than she walked to the stateroom door, fired off the pistol, and then threw it into the river.

"What has become of this family of precious rebels?" we asked, for we had become quite interested in the story. The doctor replied:

"As soon as the war closed they packed up bag and baggage and went to Virginia, where, I suppose, they are now living."

It is probable that the darkest hour in the life of a woman is when she wakes on the morning after the loss of her honor, and feels how empty is the future, and how pitiful is the price of her infamy. The past, with its possibilities of honest life, self-respect, and the esteem of others, is gone forever. Nothing is left but mere living on the wages of shame, which stick to the fingers and burn them like boiling pitch. A leper, when he first discovers the fatal whitening of his skin, is not more lonely. Into this moral prison-house Orange S. Winans entered on Saturday. He may try to brazen out his foul misfortune, but he can not conceal from himself his sense of the permanent worthlessness of the life he has stained and polluted. In all the almshouses and penitentiaries of the State there exists to-day no creature so needing, but beyond the pity of charitable hearts.—*New York Tribune.*

Here is a romantic episode in quiet and real life. A gentleman lived in Illinois, about twelve years ago, whose name was Warrington. His wife had a child, a girl, but he was absent from the birth, and was rightly served for such a remissness by finding at his return to his home that the spirit of his wife had fled, as had also his daughter, who, he thought, had been abducted by the nurse. Twelve years passed, and the gentleman went to Kansas, but on his way was in a small town near Chicago, where he saw a little girl who, in form and feature, closely resembled his wife. He questioned her, followed her home, and found that the person whom she supposed to be her mother was the old woman who had nursed his wife during her last sickness. The lady manifested no desire to retain custody of the child, and the father took her with him to the far-off wilds where, undoubtedly, she will grow up like Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.

A Boston dispatch of the eighteenth says:

A letter dated April 5, on board the United States steamer Worcester, then at Plymouth, with a cargo of provisions from this port for the relief of the suffering French, reports that on the third day out from Boston, about thirty tubes of the boiler of the vessel burst and scalded seven persons, three dying within a few hours, and one lingering eight days. The other three recovered so as to resume their duties. The cause of the explosion will be investigated. There was plenty of water in the boiler at the time, and only twenty-nine pounds of steam on. The tubes burst in the middle, which is an unusual thing. The sea-going qualities of the Worcester proved admirable.

This is an Omaha dispatch of the eighteenth instant:

A few nights ago Daniel E. Hedder was found dead at a house of prostitution in this place, from the effect of a pistol shot through the heart. From the evidence at the coroner's jury, it appeared that he had committed suicide, and such was the verdict; but last night an inmate, Cora Clinton, called in an officer and acknowledged [illegible]

[illegible] The Delusions of Lunatics—A Narrow Escape.

A volume could be filled with the strange delusions entertained by madmen—the remarkable pertinacity and cunning they display in carrying out the whims of their disordered minds. In their wild freaks maniacs frequently evince a method in their planning, an adroitness and coolness that would do credit to the shrewdest sane person. We give below a thrilling incident which actually occurred as related, one of the parties to it having been a prominent American army surgeon:

When my regiment was disbanded, I bade adieu to my old comrades and to the army, and commenced business in the flourishing town of L——.

As I was starting for the supper-table, on the evening of the third day after my arrival, the door-bell rang violently, and soon the boy came in and said that a man wanted to see the doctor. The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man—a perfect giant compared to my "five feet six," and his great and bushy black hair and whiskers were well fitted to the monstrous form.

"If you are at liberty, doctor," said he "please come with me. It is but a few steps, and you will not need a carriage."

I put on my hat and coat and followed him. It was my first call in L——, and I fondly hoped it was the forerunner of many others.

The man strode on ahead of me all the time, notwithstanding my endeavors to keep at his side, and spoke not a word, not even answering my questions.

Stopping before a substantial looking residence in one of the principal streets, he applied the latch-key and let me into a pleasant little room on the ground floor (a study I thought it), hung about with good paintings and elegant chromos, and lined with books of every description.

"Take a seat, doctor," said the man; "I will step out a moment. Take this seat by the fire; it's a bitter cold night."

The chair was a great unweildy thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender and leaned back upon the cushion, well satisfied to warm myself a little before seeing the patient.

I heard the man approach the door, which was directly back of where I sat, and heard the door open and close again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look around to see. Indeed, I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and across my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth so quickly that I could not prevent it.

When I was perfectly secure, my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with much interest at my vain attempts to free myself.

"Good stout cord, isn't it?" he asked. "It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than you has tried it. There, now, be quiet a while, and I will tell you what I want."

He went to a cabinet that stood in the corner of the room, and taking a long knife from one of the drawers, ran his thumb over the edge, and felt the point, all the while talking in the most commonplace manner imaginable.

"I have for years studied the art of guessing," said he. "I can guess anything; that is my guessing chair that you are sitting in now; and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I did intend to make you guess that, but I have thought of something better."

He had become satisfied with the edge and point of his knife, and was pacing up and down the room, giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which times he always stopped in front of me.

"Did you ever study it, doctor?" he asked. "I know you haven't. I am the only one that ever reduced it to a science. Since I left my noble veterans I have devoted my whole time to it; and now I am about to initiate you into its mysteries, if you are worthy."

He was standing before me, so very calm that I did not think he intended to harm me; but when I looked into his eyes, burning with the fire of insanity, I felt that my situation was desperate indeed.

"I must test you," he said. "I must see whether you are naturally gifted or not before I waste much time with you. If I remove the handkerchief, will you answer my questions?"

I nodded an affirmative, and he removed it.

"Now, my dear doctor, you are an entire stranger to me. Without doubt you have often heard of me, but it will be a hard task to distinguish my name from all other great men of the time. You may guess it, doctor. What is it?"

He had brought his face so near to mine that I could feel his hot breath, and I fancied I could feel the heat in those terrible eyes. The long, keen blade he was holding over me—for what? To take my life if I failed.

"Guess! guess!" he screamed. "If you fail, it will be your last guess in this world."

I dared not cry out—the knife was too near. I could not escape, for the strong cords bound me to that chair I could not lift; and I could lie there and lose my life. What could I do?

"It is a hard guess," he said, "and I will give you three minutes to answer it."

I summoned all my courage, which had never yet failed me, even in the awful hour of battle, and, looking him steadily in the eye, said: "I know you, sir; so where is the use of guessing? I have seen you on the battle-field, marshalling your men to victory; I have seen you cut down a score of men with your own single arm. I have seen you put to flight a whole battalion. I know you,—everybody knows you; your name is in my mouth."

I remembered what he had said about leading his veterans, and had tried this harangue to divert his attention. I paused to mark the effect.

"Yes, yes, doctor. But what is it?" he exclaimed again. "Thirty seconds!"

Great heavens! What would I not have given for a clue to that madman's fancy! Thirty seconds, and how short a second is! The knife was raised higher that it might gain momentum by the distance. His body was braced for the stroke, and his eye upon the mark.

"Ten seconds more!" he cried. "What is it?"

There was only one hope for me, and that was to guess. I felt that he considered himself some great man; as he had spoken of veterans, some great military chieftain. I thought of our own heroes, and the names of many of them were upon my lips, but I dared not utter them. It was the greatest chance game that I had ever played—my life depended on the guessing of a name. I thought of all the European generals, but cast them aside again, and came back to our own side of the water.

"Two seconds!" screeched the lunatic.

Without a thought, almost without volition, I spoke a name, breathing a prayer that it might be the right one: "Napoleon Bonaparte!"

"Right!" said the madman, throwing aside his knife, and undoing the cords that held me. "I was mistaken in you, doctor. You have true genius; this is your first lesson; come at this hour every evening, and I will teach you the beautiful art—the way to immortal fame."

As I arose from the chair, weak and trembling, the door opened softly and four strong men entered and secured the maniac. I started for home, well pleased that I had got through with my first guessing lesson, and fervently hoping that I should never be called upon to take another.

The New York *Mail* says:

Society is becoming literary in its tendency. Many of its younger members, especially ladies, have of late been writing stories, poems, sketches, essays—goodness knows what. Girls greet each other with "Oh, Nelly, just see my poem!" or, "How is your novel getting on?" Some have even attempted to write American drama, encouraged thereto by witnessing the style of thing which is now-a-days successful in that line.

Mr. William Pooler, of Elmira, New York, has great expectations, and this is the way of it: His brother, who spent his life in the far West, died in Iowa in February, leaving [illegible]

We noticed, the other day, [illegible] in progress to bring French [illegible] this country. It is proposed [illegible] vantage of the ill-feeling [illegible] Alsace and Lorraine, and of the [illegible] organized condition of industrial [illegible] in France, and to find homes for large bodies of French in this country. The Southern States are designated as the portion of the country most likely to prove attractive to these French, as promising them a climate, a soil, and a production familiar to them. But it is not merely an agricultural population we want from France. There are many branches of industry pursued in that country which have never been acclimated or introduced here. There are bodies of skilled laborers, men and women who cunningly execute work that American mechanics have vainly sought to emulate.

There is good reason why these people should be brought here and set to work. The French have always had a habit of colonizing rather than of emigrating. They naturally go in groups, and this renders it easy to bring them out in the large bodies necessary to set up and prosecute successful manufactures. They are an industrious, temperate, peaceful people, good citizens and good neighbors, and of a gay and volatile character, well calculated to enliven and irradiate the gloom and positiveness of our general American business and social tone. For out of our English blood, the peculiarity noticed by Froissart has not yet disappeared, and we even now take our amusements and our holidays sadly.

One mistake is made in regard to French immigration. It is argued that it naturally follows the isothermal lines, and hence will seek the milder climates of our country, as if all France was vine-growing and sunny. The dreadful results of freezing weather in the armies on French soil this winter past tell us of something like Arctic cold. The present French colonies are very largely in equatorial or tropical regions, and many of them where only Frenchmen can live. Their North American colony is off the coast of Newfoundland, in the path of the old line of French settlement. It was to the northern part of this country, and not to the southern that the French tended. They poured in at the St. Lawrence, and followed its long, upward course to its very sources, planting posts and colonies everywhere. They crossed over Illinois to the Mississippi, and set their banners up all along the great valley.

The Far West has a river and town nomenclature as characteristically French as that of France itself. When the colony of Acadia was broken up and scattered many wandered to far away Orleans, and exchanged the fogs of the Grand Bank for the palms of the gulf. The French settled in groups in South Carolina, on Staten Island, at Newport, and wherever they made a home there they have left honored names and have been followed by descendants who are unsurpassed by any other elements of our population. Canada has been their great foothold—and there, to-day, numbering a large proportion of the population of the lower province, they retain a social, political and religious system two centuries old, and on which the civilization of this period of progress has made only the slightest impression. It were well if they had been more generally educated. But in losing the impulses of our civilization, they have escaped its vices. Wherever on this continent the French acquired a foothold, they now retain an interest in it, and thus they show a tenacity and vitality equal to that of any other class of colonists. They can live anywhere, and they can do any kind of work. France is filled with a population familiarized to microscopic industries; its people have also shown a capacity for the most stupendous engineering and architectural enterprises. The encouragement of immigration in such a people is an undertaking worthy of the best efforts of the organizations, private or State, now competing for new comers to the United States.

Terrible Hail Storm.

This is a dispatch to the Memphis *Sun:*

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, April 19.—One of the heaviest hail, thunder and rain storms that ever visited this city occurred about three o'clock this evening, lasting about fifteen minutes. The hail remained on the ground about half an hour afterward, and drifted in many places to the depth of two inches, many of the stones being as large as hickory nuts, and great fears are felt for the safety of the fruit crops in the sections over which the storm passed.

Yesterday George Morewell, employed on the erection of a blasting furnace now being built here by the Ohio Iron Company, fell a distance of thirty feet, and lodged between some very heavy timbers in such a position that an iron rafter, weighing nearly a ton, fell at the same time, but did not touch him. He was scarcely hurt, and he is now in a fair way of recovery.

Major Nathaniel McLean, one of the early settlers and a respected citizen of St. Paul, Minnesota, died on the eleventh instant. He was a native of New Jersey, where he was born in May, 1787, and was a brother of Justice John McLean, of the United States Supreme Court. He was elected president of the Old Settlers' Association in St. Paul twenty years after going there, and, in accepting the office, said that he had seen, when a child, the State of Ohio settled up from a frontier region of a few thousand people to a great empire of 2,000,000. And at the age of sixty years, an age when few men would venture to become a pioneer, and in feeble health, he came to Minnesota. It then contained only a handfull of people, and about a dozen of settlements. Thus he had been a pioneer of two large States.

A large proportion of the British peers belong to the junior branches of their respective families, the parent stock having been left far behind in the race for wealth and position by some talented cadet of the family. A signal instance of this is furnished by the new peer, Lord Dalling and Bulwer, and his brother, Lord Lytton. While their eldest brother remained all his life a plain country squire they pushed their way to rank and honors. Lord Sandhurst, the other addition to the upper house, is a fourth son.

In charging the Grand Jury at Charleston, South Carolina, a few days ago, Judge Bond said: "The moment you let people understand that there can be no trifling with the laws of the United States, and that its revenue laws, however trifling in their estimation, are sacred and must not be violated, you and I will do our duty, and will accomplish what we ought to accomplish in putting down some of the greater violations in this State, and which, if we do not begin to suppress, will be an everlasting blot on the character of this State."

There was a very light vote in Florida at the recent election on the proposed constitutional amendments. In Leon county, in which is Tallahassee, the capital, there were only 580 votes cast, out of a total registration of over 4000; but not a single vote was cast there against the amendments. In Jacksonville there were 208 votes for the amendments, and 334 against them. Probably the five amendments were adopted, but sufficient returns have not yet been received to decide the matter.

Says the Bay St. Louis *Gazette:*

The herds of cattle roaming over the extensive plains west of Bay St. Louis are commencing to learn the danger of promenading on the railroad track when the locomotive is coming. When the trains first commenced to run a great many cattle were killed, but lately they are a little more shy of the iron horse, and keep at a respectful distance. We learn that the company intend to fence in their whole line before long.

They have a new style of temperance society in North Georgia. The members may drink anything they pay for, but pledge themselves not to invite any one else to drink, nor accept an invitation from any one else. The society has regular officers, and is conducted in many respects like the Good Templars.

[illegible]